

Exhibit G



Exhibit H







ARTURO SR. + ARTURO JR.

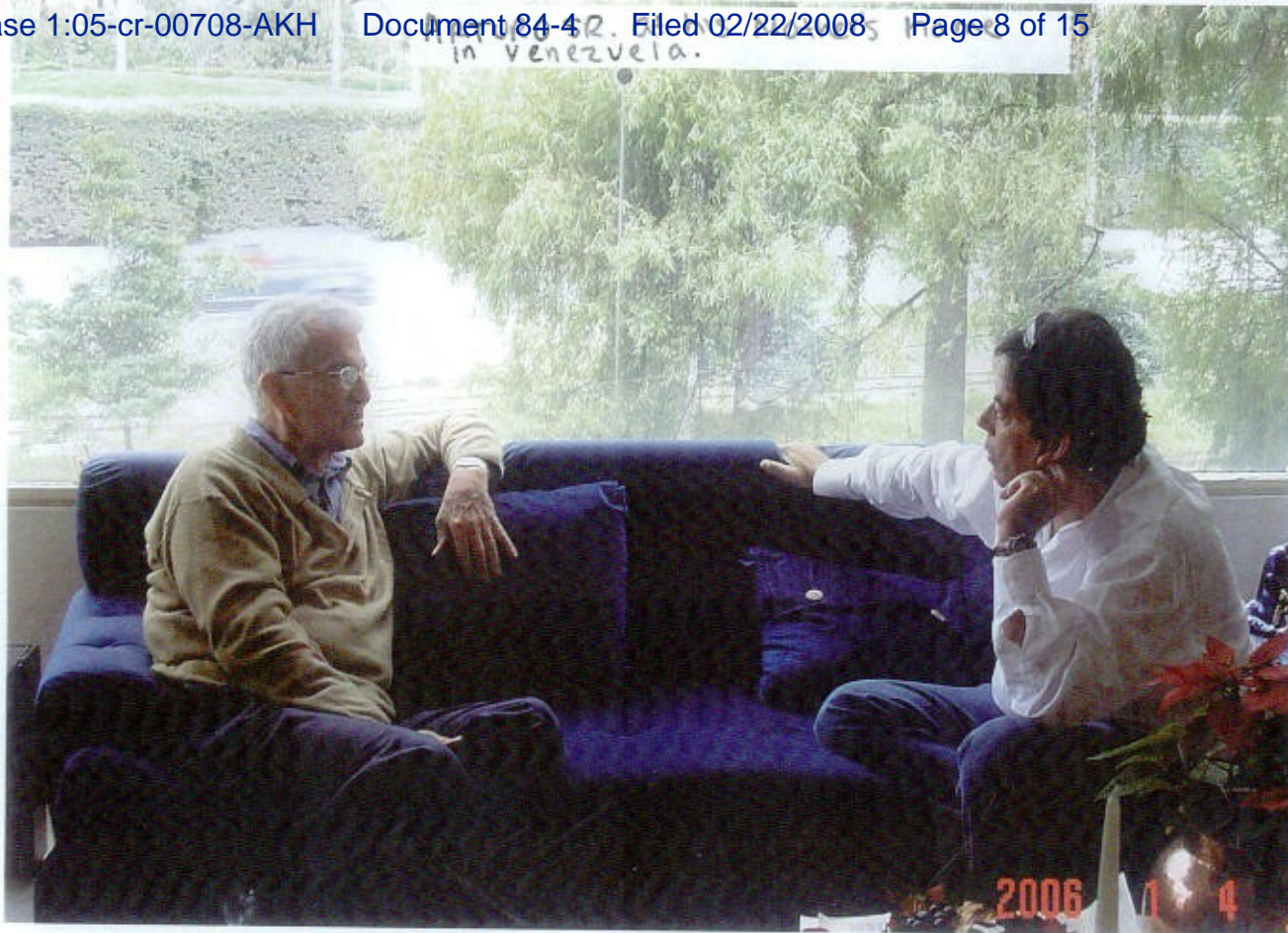


ARTURO SR. + ARTURO JR.



ARIANA + ARTURO SR. ARTURO JR. ISABELLA CONSUELO









Honorable Judge,

My name is Arturo Rojas, son of Arturo Rojas Jaimes. At this moment it is difficult to describe in words all that I really would like to say. My father is the kind of human being and father that is unsurpassable. He is the person who always instilled in us the highest values. I have inexhaustible anecdotes which could describe my father. I have shared the most important moments of my life together with him. There was a period of time when my parents were separated and each morning he would come from his home to pick me up and take me to school. This was what I enjoyed the most each morning. He was never absent during my childhood, teen years or now. As a matter of fact, even where he is now, he continues to be my greatest support, particularly when my mother was diagnosed with terminal cancer. I never realized how much I loved him until now, that I miss him every minute of the day. I remember when we used to go to the beach and swim together and we would watch the sunrise. Now more than ever I wish to give him what would make him happiest and that is a grandchild. But he needs to be present during my wife, Isabella's pregnancy and it should be soon because it might give some hope of life to my mother. I don't know how much longer she will be with me.

Nowadays I tell my father something he always used to say to me, "whatever you do, whatever mistakes you make, do not ever forget that I will always love you and will be there to support you."

If God would give me the opportunity to make a perfect father, I would make him just like my father. I know that it is difficult, Your Honor, to understand all that I am trying to say to you but just think as a father and try to understand a little bit what great love I feel for him.

Thank you for accepting this letter and reading it as a father would.

Thank you very much.

Attentively,

Arturo Rojas

I am ARIANA ROJAS SANCHEZ, and I am 17 years old and live in Venezuela with my mother. I am the youngest daughter of ARTURO ROJAS. Before I speak about him as a father and friend, I would like to say how much I miss his presence in my life from day to day.

I am in the second semester of my law studies and one of the reasons they encouraged me to pursue law, besides it being a good career for me, was to help my father. He himself is interested in law and has the ability to analyze different themes in this field of study. During my high school studies, I always counted on his help and support when I had to do research or understand some topic. I also counted on him to take me or pick me up when I went to classes or went out with my friends. Even though I live with my mother only, I never missed my father because he has always given my mother and me unconditional support and he lives nearby.

All the times he took business trips, I missed him but now so much time has passed and I don't know when he will be back again sharing in all my important activities with me. For example, he used to attend all my dance recitals. I have been in a dance academy for eight years (I study jazz, tap and Flamenco). Every year we have a dance recital in a theater, in the month of July, and this year I am extremely sad to think that it is the first year that possibly my father will not be able to attend. I will also miss him at my birthdays, lunches together over the weekends, even an admonishment at times. In sum, I will miss him at all those moments when it would seem unimportant.

I miss my father's presence in my life because I am at an age when everything is important and this has an affect on my personal growth and development, on all that my parents have taught me in order to become a happy, responsible, enterprising adult with the capacity to overcome the difficulties in life.

Exhibit I

Statement by Arturo Rojas:

Introduction

In 2004 and 2005 Nelly Piedrahita, Manuel "Manolo" Garcia and others but not the defendant were engaged in a plan to transport money from the U.S. to Mexico. There were problems in effecting the transport because Manolo Garcia who had the money in New York City would not turn over the monies to Nelly Piedrahita who was to receive the monies and turn them over to another individual. Manolo, believed, as it turns out rightly, that Nelly was being followed by law enforcement, that she brought a lot of "heat" and he wanted nothing to do with her. Despite phone calls and numerous assurances by the members of the conspiracy, again not including the defendant who was not even a member at this point, nothing would move Manolo to complete the transaction. One of the conspirators, a relative of the defendant, was feeling pressure to get this deal done. It was he that committed himself to getting this money down to Mexico. Knowing that the defendant was traveling to New York City to visit and look for opportunities, he asked if he would assure Manolo that he could deal with Nelly.

Arturo Rojas' Own Words:

"I had no idea that the money was going to be transferred that day. I thought I would just bring these two together, and that would be it. When I met Manolo, whom I did not know, without telling me anything he drove to his apartment in Queens, picked up a bag, put in the trunk of his car and proceeded to the meeting with Nelly. After the meeting, again without saying anything, Manolo, drove around the block, stepped out of the car and transferred the bag, while I simply sat in the car. I am sure he wanted to get this over with and never see Nelly again, and I think that is why he took advantage of the meeting as an opportunity to transfer the money and be done with it. I returned to my hotel, met with Manolo on another occasion socially—he was going to show me New York City that week, but I did not see him again preferring to go it alone, and I spent the rest of the week going on tour buses, visiting the Statue of Liberty, and returned to Mexico. That's all I did, all I was supposed to do, and if it weren't my relative who had asked me to do this favor, I would never have done it."

"I am a 58 year old man. I have never had any dealings with illicit activity. I have never known anyone involved in illicit activity. I wouldn't even know how to get involved in illicit activity. My life has always been consciously, unconsciously and subconsciously law abiding. It is just a part of my life. I grew up in a nice family. I went to good schools. I did outstandingly in my course work. I worked for various American companies in Venezuela. I was married, I had children. They went to good schools. I have a young son who is married, and an 18 year old daughter that is just beginning college. This is what I know: what my relative was involved in was alien to me, and I was surprised that he was involved."

I came to Mexico because things were getting rough in Venezuela. The politics affected the economics of the country. I traveled to Mexico frequently looking for sources of raw material to manufacture plastics and investigating the possibility of buying a glass factory. To make matters worse, the Chavez people knew I had signed anti-Chavez petitions and I could not get a government contract, I could not even get licenses or authorizations without complications. So I decided to go to Mexico, and look for opportunities in the field I was in. My brother-in-law took me in and he and his wife were wonderful to me. There were days where I had nothing to do and he invited me to accompany him to his office so as not to be alone. I was his companion. I

accompanied him to lunches, to places he had to go. I came to realize his problem only because he was having a problem. To think that I had stepped into a federal investigation is unbelievable. Believe me, I have learned my lesson. Last January, when I was arrested at the airport in New York, I think G-d my daughter wasn't with me. I had planned to take her. I have been in jail now for 14 months and I must confess I have not handled it well. Jail is hard for me. I have spent long evenings crying. I have had a difficult time of it and am ashamed of how I have reacted. Then I fell out of bed, got a brain hemorrhage almost died; lost some of my memory and still have problems recalling names of people and objects, people that I know intimately, people that I lived with at MDC. This is an experience that I will never forget. But If I had to do it all over again not knowing what I know now, I probably would have done it. My brother-in-law seemed so concerned, and he had done so much for me, and he was family. It would have been hard to turn him down. But if it had not been him, I would never have done it. I do know better. The notion of meeting criminals is something I would never have entertained. The notion that my brother-in-law even knows criminal is surprising to me. Then my son having to come to see me only to return to bury his mother in Colombia. Believe me, I have indeed received divine retribution."

Arturo Rojas